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In the Land of Cotton.

It was not yet daylight when the editorial excursionists left Columbus, Ky., for Corinth, Miss. Travellers, like other people, generally obtain their knowledge of the world by the sense of sight or of hearing; but those of us who could keep awake during this interval of darkness acquired our experience of western Kentucky altogether by the sense of feeling. Whether it was the contrast with the slow movement of the boat, or whatever the reason, certain it is that we fairly seemed to fly over the road; and, as soon as the relentless light looked in upon our dishevelled and dilapidated company, we looked out in sleepy wonder at the mad rushing of the forest to the north. If we did not look well within, the swamps did not look well without; and there was consequently a double disillusion, this of Indiana editors, and that of Kentucky swamps, both of whom seemed flying pell-mell away from each other.

But soon the sun shone glorious through the eastern forests; we "fixed up" a little, and the country did the same; the swamps dropping behind as Father Mississippi filed off to the right, until finally the snowy-cotton fields burst upon our sight, and Indiana and Kentucky were well satisfied with one another. Although, properly speaking, Kentucky is not in the land of cotton, yet as soon as we saw the jolly king in these, his outposts, we could not refrain from the belief that we were indeed in his realm of the sunny south.

The country on each side of the Mobile and Ohio Railroad may be said to improve constantly from the time of leaving the river at Columbus until you reach Jackson, Tennessee. Still there is much low land. These Kentucky and Tennessee forests look quite different from ours. Of course they were much greener, though not so much so as one might suppose, considering the difference of latitude. We found the contrast one of kind rather than of quality. The gum trees, laurel oaks, and other trees and shrubs, so rare with us, are quite abundant there; while the cypress and some others, which we have not, could be seen frequently; in fact we had seen the cypress, with its reddish, autumnal foliage, while we were yet sailing down the river. After leaving this part of "old Kentucky," with her "cypress swamps, where the ground is low and mucky," we strike a fine country, such as one might expect to find in Indiana or Michigan, only that our climate won't compare "worth a cent" with that of Tennessee.

One would think that such a soil, with such a climate, would be the habitation of the best developed, happiest and most prosperous people in America. Perhaps it will some day. Tennessee seems to occupy the golden mean between the extreme south and the extreme north, and the census shows it to be the healthiest State in the Union. Southerners come so far north to spend the summer, and northerners go so far south to spend the winter. We found even a slight permanent emigration there from the extreme parts of Alabama, while the emigration from the north is known to be considerable, so that the good time for Tennessee is certainly coming.

Jackson, at the junction of the Mississippi Central Railway, is the centre of a very fine farming region, and is itself the most flourishing city we saw in west Tennessee. How large the town is I cannot say for certain, though a resident, on two different occasions, assured members of our party that the population is three thousand, eighteen hundred and sixty.

Throughout the south, so far as we saw, there appears to a general want of care in the culture of the land. A few poor stock, no manure, no clover, shallow ploughing, little care of crops, such is the rule, though there are notable exceptions. With such farming our lands would become barren, and our people starve. Farming in the south is left to the negro now, as it was "to the wa." It may be presumed that the whites have not yet learned, and that the negroes have in part forgotten. But if a northern man will take with him good cattle, hogs and sheep, and a supply of clover-seed, he may expect, in a few years, to raise more than half a bale of cotton to the acre; or, better still, he will raise corn, fruit, &c., and let cotton slide. There has been far too much cotton raised, for the good of the southern people. The excess of supply has brought down the price, and the great amount planted has impoverished the soil. The south is poorer to-day, for its cotton, than if it had been contented to raise half the quantity.

At Corinth, Miss., there seem to be some enterprising men, who now understand this, and who are trying to divert the attention of the people to the culture of other crops, and to the manufacture of what cotton they do raise. Let cotton be manufactured in the south, where it grows, and let the people give a part of their lands up to corn, clover, cattle, and especially to fruit, and the south will indeed become a land flowing with milk and honey. The north will also be benefitted by this change, for we can buy our cotton goods much cheaper, from those who manufacture the cotton where it is raised, than from those who send three thousand miles for the raw material, and then send it three thousand miles back to us.

It is undeniable that even the fairest portions of the south, as for instance the beautiful rolling plains of Northern Alabama, have a cheerless look when compared with our cozy northern homesteads. There are two causes for this, a positive and a negative: first, the farms are too large, and the houses consequently too far apart for neighborhood; and secondly, there is a sad absence of domestic animals and of orchards. No wonder, then, that the southern people are so anxious to have strangers come in and settle among them. Those dreary plantations will then be divided into small farms, the land will be better cultivated, cattle and sheep will be brought in, orchards and vineyards will be planted, and all the people will be the happier for it. The South should make wine and then we should not see in all her towns so many unblushing "bar-room" signs: light, native wines should form the daily beverage of a people blest with such a climate; for the grape is the true temperance reformer.

Corinth, which had but fifteen houses after the war, has grown to be quite a town, and is ambi-

tious of becoming the Atlanta of northern Mississippi. Here we met with an unexpected favor from Mr. C. L. Anderson, Superintendent of the Memphis and Charleston Railroad. This favor was no less than the use of a special train for two days, from Corinth to Chattanooga, Tenn., with the privilege of stopping when we would, and where we would. The Mobile and Ohio Railroad had brought us down in two special cars; but here was a special train. These are both excellent roads, with fine cars, and will compare favorably with any northern roads, while their officers are genuine gentlemen. Indeed, I may say here once for all, the open-hearted hospitality of the southern people, their manly politeness and regard for the feelings of others were to us as the glory of King Solomon to the Queen of Sheba,—the half had not been told. There is much in keeping up the forms of respect which we owe to one another; and the "Sir," "Mr." and "Madam," so universal in the South, are the certain marks of urbanity in the people. It must be said, however, that their fondness for titles runs a little too far; every man of consequence being a "general," a "colonel," or at least a "major." They seemed determined that every masculine of our party was to be a colonel at least, and they would have it that our worthy leader must be of no lower grade than brigadier-general.

Our ride from Corinth to Huntsville was the luxury of the whole trip. Gentle reader, nature has provided no finer region for man than this of northern Alabama (*all a balmy land*) and southern Tennessee. There are fine springs at I-u-ka, Tusculumbia and Huntsville, all of which we tasted, as in duty bound. That at Huntsville is one of the finest in the world, supplying the whole city with water, and having enough to spare to make a small river. Those at I-u-ka are mineral, and the place, is nicely fitted up as a summer resort. Two miles southwest of I-u-ka was fought the battle of which the gallant Rosecrans said: "Price ordered me up, and I-u-kered him!"

After passing Tusculumbia we stopped in the midst of a large cotton plantation, and like children let out of school, rushed into the fields to gather specimens of the wonderful plant. The stalks resemble overgrown buckwheat, and were covered with ripe and green bolls and flowers; for all the bolls (*bolls*) do not come to maturity at the same time. The land on which this excellent crop was raised, was as beautiful and rich as our Rolling Prairie, and had been lately sold for twenty-three dollars an acre, and was considered dear at that. Why should farmers go out west, when such lands, and at such a price, are to be had at the south?

Our very accommodating train also stopped beside a grove of persimmon trees, and again we rushed. Those who tasted the soft ones, pronounced them good; those who tasted the hard ones, refused to answer, and for some reason drew up their mouths into a strange and unnatural kind of pucker. From personal experience I would say that green persimmons are admirable preservatives against hunger; they so tighten up the stomach that there is no room for, and consequently no need of, food.

But my pen has already run along too far in recalling to mind that delightful region. The season seemed to us early September: and not November, as we passed through the *all a balmy* land, which will ever come back to our memory clothed in the glow of that delicious weather. II.

The Middle Ages.

A LECTURE DELIVERED BEFORE THE ST. EDWARD'S LITERARY ASSOCIATION, MARCH 15, 1869.

BY M. B. B.

[CONTINUED.]

IV.—LITERATURE.

Turning now to the subject of literature, we find that there are two standards by which we can determine the literary character and energy of any age; namely, the number and calibre of its literary men, and the number of books they produced. We will, therefore, make a rapid review of the principle writers of the Middle Ages, and then take a peep into their libraries.

The successive inundations of the barbarous hords, which, in the fifth century compassed the downfall of the Western Empire, produced, at the same time, a Babel-like confusion of language, by the introduction of a heterogeneous mass of discordant dialects, which had well nigh proved fatal to literature, and most probably would have done so, had not those earnest and energetic monks, in the silence and obscurity of their monasteries, clung to those remnants of past genius which had escaped the destructive hand of barbarism, and kept up, among themselves, a love for letters, by the study and transcription of the early Christian writers, and also of the ancient classical authors. But the turbulence of the times and the chaotic confusion of language were decidedly opposed to the production of new works; and, although some energetic efforts were made in that way, literature steadily declined, till near the close of the eighth century, when the genius of Charlemagne checked the downward tendency for a time, and laid the foundation of future triumphs. Among the illustrious names which shed a light on those three centuries of social confusion and intellectual torpor, and prevented the total eclipse of genius, we may mention, in the sixth century, those of St. Remigius, the eloquent Archbishop of Rheims, and chief instrument in the conversion of Clovis; Vergilius Thapsensis, of Africa, who produced several works of considerable merit; Dionysius Exiguus, the inventor of the paschal cycle, and distinguished as an astronomer, historian and theologian; Gregory, of Tours, the historian of the Franks, whose work became the basis of all subsequent French history; Cassiodorus and Boethius, in Italy, renowned as philosophers and literary writers. The latter translated, into the language of his country, the works of Pythagoras, Ptolemy, Euclid, Plato, Aristotle and Archimedes. In the seventh century, we have Theodorus, Archbishop of Canterbury, who introduced the study of Greek literature into England; St. Gregory the Great, who contributed much by his numerous writings, to stem the torrent of decline; Isidore, of Seville, who wrote on almost every subject. His works are little else than a cyclopedia of universal knowledge. And last, though not least, the venerable Bede, the historian of England, who also wrote valuable works on grammar, music, arithmetic and other sciences.

We have now arrived at the eighth century, when a new impulse was given to letters by the efforts of Charlemagne. This wise monarch, by his liberality, attracted to his court the most learned men of his age, among whom was the celebrated Alcuin of England. We have already seen how he established the University of Paris, and caused

schools to be opened throughout his vast dominions. The light of intellect again shone upon the world, and many rendered their names famous by their literary labors. St. John Damascus wrote works so remarkable for logical precision and force, that he is generally supposed to have been the reviver of Aristotle's method of reasoning, which was introduced into Europe about this period; Paul the Deacon, the historian of the Lombards, flourished in this century; Paulinus wrote Latin poems of considerable merit; Egenhart, secretary to Charlemagne, was celebrated as a historian and ecclesiastical writer in this period.

Though the intellectual movement, in which Charlemagne took such a prominent part, probably saved his age from total darkness, yet it was not destined to be a permanent success in itself. This great Emperor died early in the ninth century, and with him died much of the zeal for letters, so conspicuous in his reign. For nearly two centuries after his death literature declined rapidly, till, in the tenth century, a cloud more gloomy than any previous one, settled on the intellect of Europe; and, had it not been for the monks, whose unabated zeal for study, and untiring industry in the transcription of books, ever kept alive the spark of genius, the labors and treasures of all preceding ages would probably have been lost forever.*

Although the efforts of the eighth century were apparently abortive, they nevertheless produced precious fruit. Under the impulse imparted to the study of letters, greater attention was given to elegance and regularity of style, which contributed materially to the formation of the various languages of Europe. The Latin language preserved by the Church in her liturgy, forming the basis, produced, by a combination with different modifications of the Teutonic element in the North, the English and German languages. In the south and central regions, where the Latin element predominated, its combination with the various dialects of the tribes which successively invaded these parts, produced the Italian, French, Spanish and Portuguese. These languages having been reduced to something like system by the labors of the preceding centuries, the way was now open for new developments in literature, and it needed but some decided movement to rekindle the slumbering fires of genius, and give new life to literary studies. This desirable impulse, brought about chiefly by circumstances connected with the frequent pilgrimages made by devout Christians to the Holy Land, was given by the Crusades towards the close of the eleventh century. This gigantic movement not only gave the final blow to the Feudal System, by introducing a greater equality among the different orders of society; afforded a fertile theme to the moralist, the orator and the poet; but also greatly enlarged men's views by bringing them into contact with the various peoples of the earth, and thus directly influenced the development of talent.

This century and those that followed it produced a Gerbert of Auvergne, tutor to Otho III, and to Robert, son of Hugh Capet. He became Archbishop of Rheims, and afterwards of Ravenna, and was finally elected Pope under the name of Sylvester II. His learning and literary labors elicited the admiration of his age; Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury, was distinguished as a statesman, and as one of the leading spirits in the literary circles of the time; Anslem, successor to Lanfranc in the See of Canterbury, also shed a glory on the literature of that century; St. Bernard, who did more, perhaps, towards the social

* A reference to any unbiased history will prove the claim set up for the monks in this respect. We would refer especially to the works of S. R. Maitland, "The Dark Ages," Carew's "Ecc. Hist. of Ireland," Churton's "Early Eng. Church," Drake's "Lit. Hours," Digby's "Mores Catholici."

regeneration of the age, than any other individual, and who merited, by his numerous and forcible writings, to be classed among the Doctors of the Church, is well known to all readers of ecclesiastical history; Alexander of Hales, styled the "irrefragible Doctor," on account of his logical vigor, flourished in the early part of the thirteenth century; Albertus Magus, a Dominican friar of Swabia, whose works make a collection of twenty-one large folio volumes, was one of the lights of the thirteenth century; Peter Lombard, the first who collected the opinions of theologians into a connected form, in his work called the "Book of Sentences" (opinions) belongs to the twelfth century; Roger Bacon, a Franciscan monk, of England, wrote on many scientific subjects, especially those connected with chemistry. In 1267, at the request of Pope Clement IV, he made a collection of his writings, which he called *Opus Magnus*, and sent it to the Pope; this work still exists. To the thirteenth century also belongs the glory of having given birth to St. Thomas Aquinas, who alone would have been enough to immortalize any age. His works, which form a collection of seventeen volumes, folio, are a complete treasury of philosophical and theological wisdom. The fourteenth century opens with the renowned Johannes Duns Scotus, the rival in reputation of St. Thomas. His intellectual acuteness won for him the title of "Subtle Doctor." And who has not heard of Abelard, in the twelfth century; who, though dazzled, for a time, by the light of his own genius, intensified by an extremely sensitive nature, nevertheless did great service to Philosophy both by his teaching and his writings?

These names are sufficient to show the intellectual activity and power of the latter moiety of the Middle Ages in the fields of Philosophy, Theology, scientific and ecclesiastical literature. Among the historians of the same period we find, (besides the chroniclers appointed in every monastery,) in England, William of Malmsbury; Geoffrey of Monmouth, Gerald de Barri, better known, perhaps, as Geraldus Cambrensis; Mathew Paris; Henry of Huntingdon; Gervase of Tilbury, and Roger of Hovenden. In Italy, Malaspini, and Dino Compagni, his nephew. In France, DeJoinville, Froissart, and Philip de Commines. In Spain, Alphonso the Wise; Pedro Lopes Ayala; Pulgar, and Don Roderic. In Portugal, Barros, and some others of less note.

Besides these there was a host of romance writers and rhymers; the former called *Troveres* and the latter *Troubadours*. The writings of these are valuable, not so much on account of their literary merit, as from the fact that they portray the popular taste and manners of the times. And certainly, were we to take some of these as our guide in forming a judgment of the character of the Middle Ages, we would be forced to agree with those who style that period dark and barbarous. Yet the better class of novelists show society rude, it may be, but still actuated by noble principles, and tending to refinement and cultivation, while several poets of the higher order of genius, prove conclusively that love songs were not the only productions of the mediæval muse. Thus Dante and Petrarch, in Italy; Juan Lorenzo Segura, Pedro Lopez Ayala, and many others in Spain, all of whom are represented in the work published by Castello, in 1511, entitled the "Cancionero General;" Macias, Ribeyro, Saa de Miranda, Montemayor and Ferrira, of Portugal; Robert Langland, John Gower, Chaucer, Lydgate, Haws and others in England, produced poems which speak of an advancing state of taste and manners, though some of these appear gross when measured by modern refinement. Yet, though less refined in expression, they are also less pernicious in matter than many of our modern productions.

All then duly considered, I think we are fully justified in saying that in literary energy, and in

the number of able writers which they produced, the Middle Ages deserve our respect and admiration; and that a manifestation of contempt, on our part, would argue in ourselves a narrow mindedness, and a certain degree of that ignorance with which we accuse them.

But what did these men do? Where is the evidence of their genius and labors? Look into the libraries of the time and you will see ample evidence of their talent and industry. Without stopping to examine the libraries of all the monasteries and cathedral schools, though we are assured by all respectable historians, who speak of this particular, that every monastery and cathedral school had a library proportioned to the importance of the establishment, we will visit only a few of the most noted.

The library of Constantinople, previous to its destruction during a popular tumult, contained one hundred thousand volumes in manuscript. That of Alexandria, destroyed by order of Omar, in 632, contained seven hundred thousand manuscript volumes. That of Rome is still in existence; and the thousands of manuscript volumes coming down from the mediæval times speak for themselves. That of Spanheim, in Germany, contained two thousand books; that of Novalesio, in Piedmonte, contained six thousand; in the Abbey of Peterborough there were seventeen hundred manuscripts. Leland tells us that in the Franciscan monastery, in London, the library was twenty-nine by thirty-one feet, and well filled with books. The library of Crowland had seven hundred volumes, in 1090, when it was burned. The library of Benedict sur Loir contained five thousand volumes. The libraries of the monasteries of Tours, Lerin, Monte Cassino, Bobbio, Fulda, Corby and Weremouth, were also famous for the number of books which they contained. Hundreds of others might be mentioned, as well as the many large collections made by private individuals, but those already named are quite sufficient to show how productive was the labor of those "hazy monks," to whose patient industry the world is indebted for all of ancient and mediæval literature that has escaped the ravages of time and revolutions.

We pass now to the consideration of another subject, from which it will appear that the activity of the Middle Ages was not confined to the mere mechanical labor of transcription.

Our Family.

[CONCLUDED.]

I suppose you have heard of the man who used to carry two large satchels: one hanging on his breast, and the other hanging on his shoulders; in the one before, he made it a point to put the faults of his neighbors; in the one behind, his own were accommodated. The strings of his pectoral satchel were twice worn out, owing to the pressure of the contents, before the bottom of the scapular satchel was covered. In the fulness of his generous heart, he thought it was better to give than to keep, and so, unlike some modern apostles of whom I have read, his practice and his preaching were not different. I can't, now, recall the name of this patriarch, but I know his descendants, if not so numerous as the stars, do, yet, place him at the head of a very numerous family. We all like to place our neighbors' faults in the prominent satchel, to see and show them to greater advantage. There is also a peculiar modesty, droll enough, indeed, in giving one's own faults the background. I often wonder why so many of us throw away two or three dollars for a "balcony chair," or ten or fifteen for a "private box," for the pleasure of gazing an hour or two, of an evening, upon the antics of a few aged children parodying the comedies and the tragedies to which the least accomplished actor, on the broad stage of the world, gives a higher order

of perfection, and in point of success, without scenery, rehearsal, or prompter, has a far better right to our applause. Strange enough, isn't it?—What?—Why to see the mountain quaking with astonishment at the immensity of the mole hill!—to see the volcano convulsed with fear at the sight of a rocket!—to see the ocean going for a drink to the streamlet! Bless you! the grandest efforts of histrionism are as far below the enactments of real life, as the light of the fire-fly is below that of the sun! Do you see that man with the benevolent face? Well, he is a philanthropist. For the last three hours he has been making a heart-rending—a purse-rending (?)—appeal to a benevolent mass meeting. I saw him going, and that tightly-distended bag, under his arm, was quite flat. Do you perceive where he is entering now? That's a wholesale liquor store, so, having exhausted the milk of human kindness in procuring funds for "virtuous distress," he is going to order a barrel of wine, and invite a few "friends of the cause" to drink the health of the unsuspecting donors. His leading principle is that charity begins at home, so while the distended bag lasts, it won't be the fault of the Philanthropist if "virtuous distress" and the benevolent mass meeting complain of bad health.

At Charity plays he is inimitable in the character of the Hypocrite. I'm introducing you to the *Dramatis Personæ*. Do you see that individual with the military gait, and the *à la Napoléon* moustache? He's a breveted Brigadier. It was he who made the great speech, at Union Square, denouncing the perfidy of the President for refusing to accept the patriotic services of himself and *troupe*. He went subsequently in spite of the government, and took a prominent part in the grand, national comedy of Bull Run. He was wounded by a cannon sound, and won his spurs in the race to the Capital. He was carried breathless to the hospital, and when he recovered, he asked and obtained leave of absence. Having procured a pair of crutches, he took a position on the steps of the Astor House, where he frowned on the ignoble passers-by, and looked brave and military-like. The country offered him a free ticket and one thousand dollars to take part in the tragedy of Fredericksburgh; but he modestly declined the offer. Do you see that hat with a lady walking on either side of it? Well, that's sitting awry on the head of a young gentleman just "rising seventeen." He rejoices in a salary of forty dollars a month. Tonight he is going to see *Schiller's Tragedy of the Robbers*, somebody having told him that *Charles de More's Remorse* is a "capital joke." "Balcony chairs," "seeing the ladies home," and all the other little taxes required by the laws of chivalry, shall have left his salary minus twelve or fifteen dollars. Generous enough for one night! Two a week! Eight a month! Sublime chivalry! He reaches his home as the city clock tolls the midnight hour, and he is greeted with the buzzing sound of his sister's sewing machine. It is the family piano, and her fingers have been bringing out its single monotonous note since six o'clock in the morning. Eighteen hours labor! It won't take her long at that rate to supply the deficiency of the forty-dollar salary, and give her generous brother another chance to be chivalrous. But he has seen the *Robbers* and *Charles de More's Remorse*, and he, too, thinks it a "capital joke." Do you see that richly-dressed, supercilious young lady, with a load of books on her arm? Well, she's only twenty-three years of age, but hasn't yet finished her education. She can tell you, to a nicety, the altitude of a lunar mountain, and is wonderfully conversant with the history of the man of the moon; but in other respects she's a jewel of innocence, for, as to their peculiar uses, she couldn't tell you the difference between a needle and a crowbar. At "sociables" she always carries off the palm, in the role of the *Painted Belle*. Do you see that corpulent man

with the sanctimonious face? Well, he's a preacher. His sermons are always founded on a text from the latest platform of his party, and he is universally admitted to be a "Star," when he assumes the character of the Pharisee in the celebrated play of *Don't do as I do, but do as I say*. Do you see that manly-looking woman? She's a public lecturer. Two-thirds of her orations are made up of quotations from Cicero and Aristophanes, and the other third is a compound of Homer, Socrates, Plato and Aristotle. She is quite familiar with ethics, and everything pertaining to the *jeu d'esprit*, and the exploits of the Amazons. The last time—a long time ago—she undertook to cook her husband's dinner, she put the fire into the pot, and the soap material into the stove. She is deeply versed in theology, and treats fluently of this subject "in public on the stage." I once had an introduction to her, and was obliged to make an apology because I had the misfortune, in the course of conversation, to make allusion to St. Paul's injunction to the Corinthian women: "But every woman praying or prophesying with her head not covered, disgraceth her head: for it is all one as if she were shaven. For if a woman be not covered, let her be shorn. But if it be a shame to a woman to be shorn or shaven, let her cover her head." She is generally regarded as the *Prima Donna* of Women's Rights. Do you see those two engaged in earnest conversation? They are a lawyer and a doctor: one has a load of justice, and the other a load of health, which they are bent on carrying across the Rocky Mountains to the benighted people of the far West. They have been hissed off the stage as blockheads, because their pockets were empty. Do you see that grave-looking man with a large bag under his arm? He's an editor, and that bag is filled with five thousand editorial articles treating on all sorts of subjects, from the pericardium of the planets down to the bottom of an oil-well. He is the most ingenious man you ever knew; all his Roman, Paris, London and Berlin correspondences are manufactured weekly in the sacrum, and in that way the cabinets of Europe can't wink, without his readers being posted on their most secret intentions. He has the figures of rhetoric at his finger's ends, and, so, when he hears of a sugar barrel bursting in Merchant or Trade street, he informs the astonished public of a Fright-Explosion! Terrible Disaster to Property!! &c. He takes the lead in what's called Sensation Plays. In what *Ballo in Mascheri* can you find a cast of characters equal to that? I do not think you shall find it anywhere.

I admit that what I have said may be looked upon as a fable. Let it be so. But every fable has its moral, and now I will try to draw that of mine. You know that the waters of the Mississippi, and those of the Missouri, after their confluence, flow side by side, for a long distance, before commingling. They do, at length, mix, nevertheless, and long before the former reaches the Atlantic its brighter color is tarnished by the muddy influence of the latter. By this I wish to illustrate the effect of calumny on charity. Charity is like a great river, and so is calumny; but do not be deceived into the belief that because the source of the first is divine, more distant and more elevated than the second, therefore the latter cannot, by constant contact, sully the former. Vice has a thousand ways of a-saulting virtue, and though it cannot extinguish its brilliant flame, it can, and often does, like some opaque body with the sun, cross its bright disc, and dim its light. From my point of view, I would class calumny under two heads, namely, one arising from custom, and the other arising from malice. The second is, in itself, the worse phase; but the first, I think, makes up for the deficiency of native virulence by the extent of its dominion over men. All use it, and all condemn it! Whence this strange inconsistency? The reason is obvious. Customary calumny is a

two instruments, and whilst A is searing B's character, B can be performing a similar operation on A. The victim and the slayer can be made to exchange places in the twinkling of an eye. This I take to be the reason why people condemn and use it almost in the same breath. They use it, because they have no regard for the feelings of others, and they condemn it, because they fear it themselves. Nevertheless, what they say of others, may be brought home. What is said of B, in his absence, by A to C, will also be said of C or of A, when the proper time comes. I do not care whether the calumny be *customary*, i. e., *small talk*, or malicious, so long as the effects may be the same. You can kill one's reputation, as well as his body, and if you do that as effectually by custom as by malice, where is the objective difference? Of small importance is it to a dead body, whether a jury decide that it was put out of life by accident or by design. Life is extinct, but the decision on the motives that prompted the deed, will be of little consolation to the lifeless man. The customary calumniator seeks for the weaknesses, or the failings of people, and asks to be made a confidential repository of little scandals that he or she promises to preserve, like jewels, under the seal of secrecy. But, the confidence once acquired, the seal is hardly dry when the world is invited to behold a mole-hill secret turned into a mountain. This masked moral murder comes under the disguise of friendship to "put you on your guard" about C or D, and "I merely throw out the hint for you," although the "hint," in its most amplified form, has been thrown out to others, already, with whom it had as little concern. The winged dragon of the ancients was not altogether a myth, for, I think, it had a symbolic meaning which is too often realized in the slanderer traveling on the wings of discord. The panther, by imitating the cries of a child, draws the unwary victim within his deadly spring, and the *small-talker* is no less successful, by imitating the language of friendship. In his estimation—and what a numerous class does he represent!—no character is pure or sacred enough to be respected, for he will coil around it, the poisonous folds of confidential detraction that he may crush it to pieces, as the anaconda is said to crush the mountain deer that comes to quench its thirst in the stream of the valley. I think you understand me. It is better to strengthen than to extend friendship. I mean that one acquaintance, or one friend, whose confidence you have never betrayed, and whose honest heart you can light up with the smile of sincerity, is much better than twenty acquaintances or friends, whom, fearing to be recognized because of injuries done to them, you are forced to address from beneath the veil of hypocrisy. If one had genius to conceive and power to surpass the greatest achievements of past ages, and yet neglected to rest his greatness on a moral basis, he would be like a colossus reposing on two grains of sand for a foundation which the smallest wave would carry away.

"Know, then, this truth, enough for man to know,
Virtue alone is happiness below."

S. J. S.

At a meeting of the recent Northern Indiana Editorial Excursionists, held in the parlors of the City Hotel, at Nashville, Tenn., on the evening of the 13th inst., the following resolution offered by General Williams, of the Warsaw *Indianian*, was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, that we, as Excursionists of the Northern Indiana Editorial Association, tender our thanks to Mr. A. BEAL, of the South Bend *Register*, and extend to him our warmest gratitude for his excellent management as Chairman of the Excursion Committee, and his uniform kindness to all who have accompanied the Excursion, which, under his management, has proved so enjoyable, as well as successful.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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Notre Dame in Winter.

Those who have been at Notre Dame only on Commencement Day, in June, when the summer sun pours down his brilliant rays, can form but a vague idea of Notre Dame in winter. Even those who come at the opening of classes in September can have no conception of the capacity Notre Dame has of receiving the cold impression of a hard winter time. That much maligned season of the year, winter, sets in here some time about the latter end of November, and, except during several days of bright weather in January, the sun obstinately refuses to give countenance to the proceedings of the season, and only begins to show his beaming face when the spring time comes—and even then, by fits and starts. Nevertheless, winter is by no means a gloomy season here. In doors everything is more lively than at any other time. Studies are pursued with greater zest. The Societies, Literary, Dramatic and Thespian, owe their best days to winter. The Literary Societies, especially, have advantages in the long winter evenings that neither spring nor autumn affords them. Instead of spending the evening hours on the playgrounds, practicing "catch," and indulging in long promenades and conversations, as is the case after Easter, the members prefer to congregate in the debating room, and amuse themselves by "going for" each other. It is during winter that the Juniors spread themselves most extensively, and the St. Cecilians arrive at the top rung of the ladder—speeches, orations, personations and declamations being as plenty as blackberries. In winter the Seniors pay more attention to their duties as members of Literary Societies, wherefore the Philodemics and St. Ed's are more prolific in grave essays, and well-sustained debates. Winter is a time when men are better able to keep cool; and hence the advantage of that season over all others for the decorous carrying on of a debate on some burning question.

You may imagine that out of doors things look desolate. Not at all. It is true the rich foliage of the trees is lacking. Nature's winter fashion is not so gay nor so variegated as she indulges in at other seasons. Still when she puts on her white mantle of snow, the grounds around Notre Dame look as beautiful as they do in summer—provided you view them from the window of a room, in which there is a good fire, or plenty of steam. As for enjoyment—why, who is there that doesn't know how much more boys can enjoy themselves in winter than in any other season? Do not talk of your sweltering games of base-ball with the thermometer 90° in the shade. It is true that it is great fun to have your finger knocked out of joint, or to have your head caressed by a flying bat, and, provided you are not killed outright, what a luxury there is in having a ball strike you in the pit of the stomach! but notwithstanding this agreeable and exciting game, which winter very properly frowns upon, the bracing air, the healthy draughts, the biting breezes, the invigorating frosts, the nipping mornings of old winter, afford such an amount of stimulus to the physical system that the outdoor amusement is a thousand per cent better than at any other time of year.

Now the foot-ball is all the go. Take care of slippery ground, be sure of a good foundation, and

then kick away to your heart's content. Doesn't that make the blood circulate rapidly, go to and from the heart, making it pulsate with healthy throb? Look at those ruddy Juniors, the pictures of health, looking as natural as life! Why the Minims have a foot-ball twice as big as the head of the biggest one of them; and the way they do kick that ball is a caution to shoemakers to be on the alert.

"Take it all around," we have reason to hope for a pretty lively winter. Christmas is almost upon us, and the festivities of that time are in excellent prelude to the examination at the end of the first term. There is the memory of an old song humming through our head at this moment, the words of which advise boys to go it while they are young. We hope that, whether they remain at college, or go to their homes during the holidays, they may have a good time, and resume their classes at the beginning of January with renewed vigor.

We were somewhat in the condition of the boy who had a sprained wrist, a stumped toe, the toothache and headache, and who didn't feel well, besides, and we sadly sat down in our "old arm-chair," (there is an old arm-chair in our sanctum, and a very old one, too,) not feeling at all up to the mark to write for the SCHOLASTIC, for which copy, however, was persistently demanded, when who should drop in but an always welcome visitor, in the person of an old student, who, upon our doleful representation of our case, and our appeal to him, gracefully filled the chair which we vacated, and, much to our satisfaction, he wrote the following, which we place in our special columns:

Notre Dame Ten Years Ago.

The whirligig of time brings queer things to pass. We see this in many things. We see it in revolutions which overthrow the thrones of Europe, and in the changes, for good and for bad which continually take place. And our old *Alma Mater* is, like all things temporal, liable to change, and has changed, except in the strong hold which it has on our affections and kindest remembrances. Yes, she has changed; she has, as it were, put away her ancient habit, and rejoices in a full dress suit of the latest fashion.

And yet, it is very pleasant for me, as I sit here, in this "old arm chair"—the very one, by the way, it must be, which figured in "Progress" of (may I say it?) happy memory—to think of the old college, with little old class-rooms, way up at the top of the building—of the broad well of the stairway, up which the cold wind of a December day enjoyed undisturbed recreation—of little old "No. 1," where the "St. Aloysius" boys passed the Tuesday evenings in hot debate—of "Number 6," in the infirmary, famous for its patent cures, with the "Silanum Tuberosum," hallowed in our memory by the recollections of fun, or pleasure, or study.

The college, ten years ago, was not, in appearance, the college of to-day. It is what I, myself, was just ten years ago. I was a boy at school. It is now a great deal more than I am—a young giant. But it is not of the appearance of the college then, that I wish now to speak. It is about the people who then dwelt in it. It is of those who enjoyed the sports with me—of those who gave the life to the place—of what I may call the soul of the then college. Some now live who trod the college walks with me—some have passed in quiet from the world, and some have passed away "in battle and in storm."

He who was then President of the college, has now become the Superior-General of the Congregation of Holy Cross, and exercises the same energy which he displayed in the college in a wider field. He, the beloved by all, who made sacred the groves of the "Scolasticate," exercises over the students now the same fatherly care he exercised

ten years ago—but in a wider way. You, Mr. Editor, now occupied with scissors and pencil in the sanctum of the AVE MARIA and the SCHOLASTIC, were there all the time. Father Patrick and Father James are now in heaven, reaping the reward of their labors.

The present able professor of Philosophy was then hard at work at his desk studying his logic and metaphysics. But why name any more? It would fill your columns to mention all.

It was ten years ago that the Thespians were organized. Oh! what a glorious advent did it not have. What jolly business meetings did it not have. Ten minutes for business and one hour for interchange of thought and feeling. How the merry word was uttered by the scribe J. H. F., and the merry laugh was echoed by O. T. C., the prince of tragedians. It was at these meetings that the Hibernian J. C. gave us a full comedy, complete in all its parts, filled with Irish wit. And there were T. L. and J. H. S., not quite as grave as judges, and—and all the good fellows of the College, E. M. B., W. P. C., T. N., and others.

But the best thing of all in the days gone by, was, Mr. Editor, the predecessor of yourself, may I call it your paternal ancestor? "The Progress." Sixty pages of foolscap closely written was its size—weekly its appearance. Then its contributors in verse M. M. B., T. E. H., A. J. S., F. C. B., and others, its more solid contributors in prose—Brown Howard, Stice, Carroll, Runyon, Healy, Hogan, and others. How we waited for its appearance, and how we welcomed it when it came! How the band played, how the Juniors laughed and how merry it always made us, with its College jokes, and how it improved us with its solid articles! And then the merry oyster suppers for the editors and contributors. It was a sort of a mutual admiration society but what of that? Companions should always be admirers of each other. They should be glad when their companions are glad, and sad when they are in affliction. It is this that makes life pleasant. It is this that gives true pleasure. What speeches we had at these suppers, not long-winded ones, but all short, pithy and to the point. Time was too precious to be wasted in long speeches. Our fun was not to be smothered with dulness.

And the Editors, where are they? Why do we not see their initials appear in the SCHOLASTIC now? Alas! Josh lies under the green turf of a Southern grave. James R., Ben B., W. P. C., and others, have now papers of their own. James K., Orville, Ed B., and others are now deep in the mysteries of the law. Ed M., Michael B., and Michael O'R.,—and how many others?—are now in charge of souls. Good-hearted, cheerful and noble Ed M., if his eye meets this desultory article, I know it will strike a sympathetic chord in his heart; and if he will drop a line through the SCHOLASTIC, I know it will give pleasure to many who knew him and wished him well in days long gone by.

There are many things I might write about—the Historic Society, that most beautiful one of all, the Nocturnal Adoration Society, the Archconfraternity, the Holy Angels' Sodality, and the others; and then the Brigade, and the other little clubs without names—but I cannot take up any more of your space with my scribbling. But all old clubs, and old societies, and old boys, will have a warm spot in my heart, come what may to me.

We presume that a good number of students will remain at the college during the holidays. To them, too, we wish a Merry Christmas! We do not know the programme,—but we suppose the Dramatic and Musical Societies will do their full share to have Merry Christmas in this region of country.

BOOK NOTICES have been crowded out this week.

In a few days many students of Notre Dame will be crowding the cars of the L. S. M. S. R. R., on their way home. We wish them a Merry Christmas,—the smiles of parents, the greetings of friends, the best of dinners, the jolliest of companions,—a good time, with no headache nor heartache after it.

RIGHT REV. BISHOP LUERS was at Notre Dame this week. Right Rev. Bishop Borgess, of Detroit, was also at Notre Dame, on his way to the city of Niles, Michigan, where he consecrated last Sunday the new Catholic Church which the Catholics of Niles have erected. Very Rev. Father Corby preached the sermon of the occasion.

DURING his visit to Notre Dame, Hon. ex-Senator A. C. Dodge, of Iowa, addressed the Juniors and Seniors, on the duties of students and the benefit of College education. Nothing could be more appropriate than the remarks of the honorable speaker, whose personal example very fully confirmed the truthfulness of his words.

On Tuesday night, Hon. A. C. Dodge delivered before a large and select audience in the grand parlor of the University, an interesting lecture on Spain to which country the honorable gentleman was accredited minister during four years.

We need not say that the lecture was well appreciated, and effectually removed from their minds the prejudice which some had entertained concerning the noble country of Ferdinand and Isabella. From statistics, it was made evident that Spain is inferior to no European state in her educational advantages and appointments, while she is superior to many larger kingdoms in the number of her old endowed universities, schools of painting, mining, commerce and navigation, not to speak of theological and normal schools, amply providing for the wants of the clergy and people.

Here and There.

THE bulletins were sent home to parents this week.

BOATING—The boating season is over and the boats have been laid up.

STUDENTS going home, should make it a point to return as soon as possible after the holidays, in order to prepare for the semi-annual examination.

THE departure of the students, for the holidays, will take place Wednesday morning, 21st inst., by special train leaving South Bend, at 7½ A.M., for Chicago.

BRO. ALBAN has been appointed prefect in the Senior department, vice Bro. Benoit, who after twenty years passed in the faithful discharge of the duties intrusted to him, retires to an easier sphere of labor.

LECTURE—The lecture given by Prof. Beleke, in the parlor of the University, Wednesday evening the 7th inst., was largely attended, and fully appreciated by all especially those who are partial to the German language.

WE are happy to state that Mr. James McBride, a graduate from the scientific department, of the class of '68, is practicing law successfully in Toledo, Ohio. Mr. McBride will make his mark in the world, if we may judge from his College career.

WEATHER—The weather took a sudden change Sunday last, and overcoats and shawls were in demand, probably not to be laid aside until spring, seems to have commenced in good earnest. Particular care should be taken to keep the feet warm and dry.

It has been justly remarked that the laboratory of the chemistry class, is altogether too small for practical purposes, and thus prevents the trial of many useful experiments, we hope this will soon be remedied in the way of a new class-room and laboratory.

ELOCUTION—A class of elocution has been organized within the past week, under the direction of Prof. M. T. Corby. It numbers about 40 students of the Senior department. We should judge, from the noise they make, that their intentions are good.

PERSONAL—We regret to chronicle the departure of an old and efficient member of the Thespian society, Marcus J. Moriarty, who has gone to Philadelphia. We wish him a happy journey through life, and great success in whatever profession he may chose to follow.

LAST year the Minims ran a pig to death, and were mulcted \$20 for damage done to his hogship and Herr butcher, whose culinary plans were thwarted thereby. This year they upturned, or caused to be upturned, by being off of the track, one of the Senior refectory cars, loaded at that time with a precious freight of earthen-ware, at a loss of \$50.

DANCING—The lovers of dancing are impatiently awaiting the appearance of the Senior orchestra, which has agreed to furnish them choice music. We must not forget to return our sincere thanks to Rev. Father Brown, for his kindness in lending his violin to the gentlemanly musicians who contribute to the pleasure of the terpsichoreans, on recreation days.

FOOT-BALL—Foot-ball is a splendid game for exercise, but do not kick too high, as some bad result is sure to follow, either the decline of dry-goods or the loss of the ball. Our ball (the Senior's of course) became enraged not long since at the maltreatment it was receiving, and sought refuge down the play-hall chimney. We believe some of the students were kind enough to get the ball, but lost the lock, hence—we are minus foot-ball. A subscription is being raised, which will soon supply the deficiency.

THE Thespians in accordance with their time-honored custom will enliven the holidays with a dramatic entertainment. Two plays are on the boards, both of them intended for the special merriment of young and old folks.

As many of the young ones will have gone home to enjoy the sweets of the holidays, we hope that a good many old, or even middle-aged, or such others as may wish to come, will be present, Monday evening, 26th inst., in Washington Hall.

The plays to be performed are: The Irish Lion, a farce in two acts; The Banker Soid, a farce in two acts; Music, etc.

Tables of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

December 2nd—J. Fox, P. Finnegan, N. Mitchell, J. Hogan, M. Daly, T. O'Mahoney, L. Batson, W. Clarke, T. Murphy, B. McGinnis.

December 9th—A. Rogers, T. Dillon, A. Riopelle, P. Coakley, J. McCormack, R. Finley, J. Evans, E. Gillen, T. Ireland, J. Heine.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

December 2nd—J. McHugh, S. Dum, C. Hutchings, C. Vinson, P. Scott, H. Taylor, A. Aatoine, E. Gribbling, W. Gross, F. Arentz, T. Selby.

December 9th—H. Hunt, F. Livingston, H. Humphry, W. Dum, E. Galt, J. McGuire, J. Graham, J. Drake, A. Sharai, C. Ortmyer, T. Smith.

M. A. J. B., Sec.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

November 19th—G. Gross, E. Raymond, C. Elison, T. Nelson, C. Turble, W. Cunningham.

December 3d—J. Ewing, C. Clarke, S. Hopkins, H. O'Brian, L. Montidonic, C. Whitney.

WHY is the Princess Louise likely to have remorse of conscience?

Do you give it up?

Because she leaves her mother for Lorn.

PROFESSOR BELEKE, of Chicago, delivered here, last week, a very interesting lecture on "Language and Mental Development." He commenced by saying: Of all the natural phenomena, the power of speech is the most wonderful. All we see, hear, feel and read, the world without and the world within, time past and present, is photographed on the mind and reflected in language. A mere breath of air, moulded into articulate sound, becomes the body and vehicle of thought, the mirror of the soul, the bond of society, the mighty wheel in the machinery of human affairs, the golden link between time past, present and future, and between earth and heaven, the high prerogative which raises man above the brute creation, and ranks him but little beneath the angels, the source of light which illumines the world, and, like the sun of heaven, is reflected in a thousand different colors.

The Professor then spoke of the divine origin of language, and after having refuted the arguments of Locke and his followers, who call language a human invention, he remarked that those philosophers, who ascribe creative power to man, have forgotten what they owe to God and society. Man cannot create anything, either in the physical or moral world. All he can do is to transform substances at hand. There is nothing new beneath the sun, and hence the Apostle asks, "what hast thou, O man, which thou hast not received; and if thou hast received, why dost thou boast as if thou hadst not!" However great its changes are, the language which we speak at this present day, is radically and substantially the same as that of our first progenitors. Language is like liquid metal, which, passing through different moulds, represents different forms. Whilst in substance there is nothing new, in form there is nothing old. Throughout the universe, everywhere, we behold unity in variety. As people, originally of the same family, under different physical influences, change their mode of life, physiognomy and character, thus, in the same proportion, they change their language. If we turn to the early dawn of history, we see, whilst the flood of emigration was extending from Central Asia to the distant boundaries of Europe, the old Arian language branched out into the Sanscrit, the Zend, the Greek, the Latin, the Teutonic, the Slavonic and the Celtic. Each of these sister tongues again was subdivided into several others. Thus whilst the Greek had its several dialects, the Latin became the mother of the Italian, French, Portuguese, Provençal, Wallachian and Roumanian. These various tongues again branched out into various dialects. In the same way the different languages of the Semitic and Turanian families are all radii from one common centre.

Not only locality, but also time acts on language—*tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis*. As a quiet, crystal stream reflects the sky and the objects along its banks, thus language reflects the outward and inward condition of man. The literary languages apparently are stationary; but as a frozen river has its under-current, which, at the approach of the spring season, swollen and raised by the influx of rivulets, breaks and sweeps away the icy surface, thus, also, the literary languages have as under-currents the popular dialects, which often, at the times of great revolutions, when democracy prevails over aristocracy, by degrees become the language of the country and of literature, as, for instance, the Italian, which was a popular dialect, whilst the Latin was the living language of Rome. These popular dialects may be compared to the coral islands which, invisibly and imperceptibly, are formed at the bottom of the sea, and continue to grow, till, suddenly, they appear on the surface of the broad ocean; and thus, whilst some islands, torn by the dashing floods of the deep, disappear, others spring up to take their places. The historical changes of language may be more or less rapid, but they occur in all places and in all countries. Thus, not to speak of the more ancient lan-

guages, the language of Virgil has been transformed into that of Dante, the language of Ulfilas into that of Charlemagne, the language of Charlemagne into that of Schiller and Goethe, the language of Alfred into that of Chaucer, and that of Chaucer into that of Shakspeare, and that of Shakspeare into that of modern English. Of all the languages, those of savage tribes are the most changeable, because, for want of civilization, there exists no concentration. Almost every tribe speaks a different language, and every hamlet a different dialect.

In speaking of the decay of language, Professor Beleke observed: As, on the banks of the Missouri, the mighty oak, dropping into the river, whilst carried down the stream, loses branch after branch, and limb after limb, till nothing is left but the mere trunk, thus words, coming down the stream of time, gradually lose letters after letters, and syllables after syllables, till nothing is left but the mere stem, and even this is often abbreviated and corrupted; and this decay is the more rapid the more active, commercial and refined the people are, because the mind, acting with the swiftness of lightning, does not wish to be retarded, impeded and encumbered by long and difficult words; it wants to be free and rule over matter. Thus, instead of the Latin *bonus* and *malus*, we say, in French, *bon* and *mal*, and instead of *dictus* and *factus*, *dît* and *fait*. By omitting *t*, and contracting the adjoining vowels in *pater*, *frater*, *mater*, we obtain the French, *père*, *frère*, *mère*. The Latin *rotundus* gives us the English round and the German *rund*. The German *habe* and the English have are shortened in Spanish into *he*, and in French into *ai* in *j'ai*. The Latin *bonum augurium* and *malum augurium* are contracted in French into *bon heur* and *mal heur*, and *natalis* into *noël*, etc. Nearly all the numbers in French are abbreviations of Latin numbers. This abbreviation occurs, also, most frequently in the common conversation. Thus papa and mamma are abbreviated into ma and pa, gentlemen into gents, omnibus into bus, Patrick into Pat, Joseph into Joe, Frederick into Fred, Catharine into Kate. In writing, sometimes only the initial and final letters are used. Thus Maryland is indicated by Md., Missouri by Mo., etc.

The speaker contrasted the long Indian words with the short terms of civilized people.

After these, and other general remarks on language, Professor Beleke compared the different nations with regard to their mental culture, and showed how the national character is reflected in the national language.

The lecture gave much satisfaction and will soon appear in print.

MR. EDITOR: I have received the enclosed letter, which seems to me altogether too good to retain for my sole pleasure, since it will doubtless be quite as welcome to many of your readers as it was to me. The writer is Mr. J. M. Howard, class of '62, who since he left Notre Dame has become successively a lawyer, a justice, a husband and a father, and who has consequently every right to feel satisfied with the way in which fortune has treated him thus far. Being in Lafayette a few days ago, I was glad to learn from a legal gentleman of high standing in that city that Mr. H. is one of the rising young men of Logansport, and that his prospects of success, in his profession, are most promising. To him and to every old student of Notre Dame I would say, so mote it be: T.

LOGANSPORT, IND., Nov. 26, 1870.

My dear Friend: The first number of Volume IV of the SCHOLASTIC, kindly sent me by the editor, was indeed a "reminder" of my neglect of duty justly owing my *Alma Mater*. But *tempus fugit et non come backum est*, (don't let your *Historia Sacra* readers see this), and thinking it useless to be like the luckless maid, with the milking-pail and cry over spilled milk, I determined to subscribe for the

SCHOLASTIC, and be continually reminded of the doings of Notre Dame, as well as to have more vividly called before me the many happy scenes, sayings and doings "all of which I saw and part of which I was"—those wildly gay, jolly, rollicking days the memory of which makes me smile even to myself in my most genial way. All college students are, I take it, like myself in this regard, and find no greater pleasure than to meet a warm-hearted companion of their boyhood days, and in pleasant converse "go through college once again, as the soldier loves to rehearse and "fight over" his battles and skirmishes to the companion of his trials. And then, did we not have battles and skirmishes at Notre Dame? Let any of the old "boys" and my much respected friend Bro. Benoit, be my witnesses. These friends of my college days I see but seldom, yet, since leaving, it has been my good fortune to meet many of them, and one of the greatest sources of pleasure to me was their prosperity, coupled with the respectable positions which they hold in the esteem of their fellow-citizens. In almost every place I go, Notre Dame has her fast friends, and I am satisfied every one of her old students would gladly take your paper, if the subject were fairly presented to him. As for myself I will endeavor to do what I can to extend your subscription list, and call the attention of my friends elsewhere to the SCHOLASTIC.

But I have written more than I intended, yet not so much as I would desire, for the day is very beautiful, the landscape is lighted up as with a summer sun, and the playful breezes are as balmy as those of a June morning, nothing, except the serene and yellow leaf to remind us that we are now on the verge of December, and another year well nigh gone by—such a day as I would dearly like to ramble again over the familiar haunts of Notre Dame, for the beautiful recalls those haunts to my mind. Well can I apply to Notre Dame the words of one of our most able judges, a high-toned gentleman and a ripe scholar, Horace P. Biddle, of this city, who has published a collection of charming verses. (Poems by H. P. Biddle, New York: Hurd & Houghton, 1870.)

MEMORIES OF NOTRE DAME.

When Spring returns, each passing year
The winds come o'er the lea
And gently whisper to my ear
Sweet memories of thee.

And zephyr, with ambrosial wings,
Laden from flower and tree,
Comes to my lone retreat and brings
Sweet memories of thee.

The rill's soft purling by the brake,
The murmur of the bee,
And songs of joyous birds awake
Sweet memories of thee.

A bird, a flower, a gem, a star,
As with a golden key,
In silence from my heart unbar
Sweet memories of thee.

A joy, a hope, a happy hour,
A thrill of harmony,
Stir in my soul with magic power
Sweet memories of thee.

And sweet emotions of the breast,
When the full heart is free,
Awake, too deep to be expressed,
Sweet memories of thee.

In pleasing dreams that bless my couch,
Fair beings come to me,
And as with wands, they gently touch
Sweet memories of thee

All beings beautiful and bright,
And joyous, pure, and free,
All things that charm and give delight,
Are memories of thee.

J. M. H.

AN Illinois lady waved a red flag, stopped the train, and asked the conductor for a chew of tobacco for her old man. The conductor violated divine law all the way to the next station.

St. Edward's

DEAR EDITOR.—Although we have been silent for some time, we do not wish you to conclude that idleness has been the cause. on the contrary, we have been very busy, as you may judge from the following report of the last meeting held Tuesday evening December 6th. After the usual preliminaries, the following essays were read: "Description of a little streamlet," (original poetry) by J. D. McCormack; "Ingratitude and the Advantage to be derived from criticism," by T. O'Mahony; "Picture of Life," by D. E. Hudson; "Too much Talk," by J. E. Shannahan.

Mr. McCormack's poetry was really beautiful, as he carried us along in imagination, with the murmuring little traveler through forest and field. We are proud that we can claim such poetic talent, and hope that some of his productions will appear in the columns of the SCHOLASTIC, for the benefit of those who are so unfortunate as not to belong to the St. Ed's.

Mr. O'Mahony's two essays were short but brilliant, his expressions were harmonious, and the style was remarkable for its purity and perspicuity.

Mr. Hudson's production merits much praise, his style was smooth, and the expressions beautiful and sublime.

Mr. Shannahan's subject was thoroughly treated in that logical and practical manner for which he is remarkable. It is useless to attempt a thorough criticism, as Mr. Shannahan is an old and well known essayist, who should criticize, rather than be criticized.

Nine o'clock arrived and we all retired with the full assurance that the evening had been profitably as well as pleasantly employed.

"RED HEAD."

St. Cecilia Philomathean Association.

The twelfth regular meeting took place November 26th. At this meeting Mr. McGinnis presented himself for membership, and, after complying with the conditions, was unanimously elected a member. The following members read compositions and declaimed various selections: D. Hogan read a composition on "Generosity." T. Foley, on "The Tongue." L. Hayes on "Skating." W. Fletcher, on the "Parent's Love." C. Morgan declaimed the "Indian Warrior's Reply." C. Peterson, "The Drummer-boy of Shiloh." W. Dodge, "Tribute to Washington." J. McGuire, "A witty Personation." P. Scott, "Cataline's Defiance." B. Roberts, "A Parody on 'Excelsior.'" Of the compositions, that of L. Hayes was the best; and of the recitations, W. Dodge's and C. Morgan's were the best delivered both in modulation of voice and gracefulness of gesture.

The thirteenth and fourteenth regular meetings came off December 3d and 10th, respectively. The Debate Resolved—"That War hinders Civilization" was discussed at these two meetings. Those who took part on the affirmative were C. Dodge, J. McHugh, L. Hayes and C. Roth; those on the negative were S. Ashton J. Ward, C. Peterson, T. Foley, also M. Mahony appearing as a volunteer in favor of the negative. All did very well; but C. Dodge, J. McHugh, S. Ashton and J. Ward, deserve particular mention; and C. Dodge deserves also great credit for the manner in which he opened and closed the debate. Rev. Father Lemonnier received the debate, and gave his decision in favor of the affirmative. After a brief and pointed speech by B. F. DeSales, the meeting adjourned.

D. HOGAN, Cor. Sec., pro tem.

"Mr. SMITHERS, how can you sleep so? The sun has been up these two hours."

"Well, what if he has?" said Smithers. "He goes to bed at dark, while I'm up till after midnight."

Senior's Orchestra.

MR. EDITOR: Thinking you will be pleased to learn the progress of music in the Senior department—the organization of an orchestra—permit me to call your attention to the following:

The first meeting took place Wednesday, Nov. 15th, and from the proceedings, I make this brief sketch, viz.:

Instructor—Bro. Leopold, C. S. C.
President—J. A. Loranger.
Vice-President—Thomas Ireland.
Secretary—E. A. Watts.
Treasurer—W. S. Atkins.
Censor—R. Crenshaw.

It shall be our greatest endeavor to interest the lovers of dancing during the winter holidays, and entertain them on some festival evening, and relieve their minds from Greek, Latin, etc.

E. A. WATTS, Sec.

INDIANA CITIES.—The census returns of the principal cities and towns of Indiana, show that Indianapolis, Kokoma, Logansport and Elkhart, are the only ones that have increased over one hundred per cent. The ratio of increase is larger in Logansport than in any other city, and second to this ratio is that made by Indianapolis. Terre Haute and Crawfordsville are next best in ratio. The greatest actual increase was in Indianapolis as first, Evansville as second Terre Haute third Fort Wayne fourth, Logansport fifth, Lafayette sixth, South Bend seventh, Jeffersonville eighth, Richmond ninth, Madison tenth, New Albany eleventh, Elkhart twelfth, Crawfordsville thirteenth, Connersville fourteenth, Vincennes fifteenth, Greencastle sixteenth, Kokomo seventeenth, Anderson eighteenth, Cannelton nineteenth, and Aurora twentieth.

THE members of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association return their cordial thanks to Professor M. T. Corby, A.M., for his zealous labors in training the young vocalists for the entertainment on the 9th of November; also to Professor W. J. Ivers, A.M., for producing, on the same occasion, and for the first time in Washington hall, a perfect scientific representation of the terpsichorean art.

C. HUTCHINGS,
R. STALEY,
V. HACKMAN,
J. RUMLEY,
S. DUNN, } Committee.

LIGHT LITERATURE FOR RAILWAY READING.—Our young friends will thank us for directing attention to some Sanscrit books which we find announced. If the works are as charming as their titles, they have a rich treat in store. Here are a few of them:—"Swapanchaksaharimranamhasnt-rostotra." "Trigunatmikakalikastotry," "Upanagaloptaveatokyapano," and "Anantachaturdasivtakathara." They will relieve the tedium of a journey, especially if the train jolts a little, and they can be recommended for birthday presents.

THE members of the St. Cecilia Association return a vote of thanks to the members of the St. Aloysius Philodemic and St. Edward Literary Societies for their pleasant entertainment, given on the evening of the 22d of November, and they take this occasion to say that they were highly delighted with the rich, literary treat afforded them that evening.

C. BURDELL,
S. ASHTON,
C. DODGE, } Committee.

A FASHIONABLE belle was frightened almost out of her wits a few mornings since on discovering, snugly ensconced in her chignon, an innocent little mouse, which had crawled into, and made a bed of that feminine adornment, while its fair owner slept. Moral: Every lady should keep a cat in her chignon.

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY,
DECEMBER 13, 1870.

A RHYMING CHRONICLE.

On the 23th ult., seven o'clock in the even,
A second instructive lecture was given
By Father Carrier, on the "Records of Rocks,"
Agreeing with Scripture. Any skeptic who mocks
At the Record of Moses, would have wilted with shame
To have heard this learned lecturer boldly proclaim
God's truth, as in Scripture and science revealed;
And never again have attempted to shield
Infidel pride, 'neath the specious bold mark
Of pretentious, false science. A soul-killing task,
Given by Lucifer, to those whom he rules
To poison the youth, in their proud, godless schools.
Our Christian philosopher performed his task well,
So condensed was his lecture,—truth—in a nut-shell.
Many thanks, we present, from our studious youth,
For making e'en *Rocks* speak out for God's truth.

On the 29th and 30th, at the same hour,
Professor Beleke held forth in great power,
On the subject of "Language," as a Heaven-sent boon,
To bring minds and nations in harmonious attune.
This versatile linguist, and scholar profound,
With original thoughts, made his lecture abound;
And graced the most rugged and primitive stems,
With the richest ideas and eloquent gems.
Language, God's gift, telegraph of the mind,
Golden chain, whose strong links unite human kind;
Links dropped from the hand of our Father above
To bind His own children with fetters of love.
These thoughts, grand and solemn, were happily graced
By flowers of poesy, properly placed
'Mong the foliage which decks the magnificent trees
Of "Language"—the foliage of fine imagery.
All listened with interest; it was to the mind
A repast, with pleasure and profit combined.

On the eight of this month, with joy celebrated
Our "national feast." All hearts were elated
With holy delight, as we gathered around
God's Altar, with love and homage profound,
To thank Him for making a creature so pure—
Immaculate Mary! How happy, secure,
Are the faithful who copy this model so fair;
This pearl of creation, so spotless and rare;
This one, whom God gave us her sex to relieve
From the odium and blame, incurred by frail Eve.
Many Children of Mary, on her Feast were enrolled,
And the "Angels" received in their little fold
Seven sweet little girls, who promised to love
The dear Guardian Angels, God sent from above
To watch o'er their footsteps. 'Twas touchingly sweet
To see youth and innocence lovingly meet
Before God's altar, their love to express,
For her, whom all generations shall bless.

The House of Loretto—that nursery of prayer—
Was adorned, on the tenth, with devotion and care;
'Twas the day of pious commemoration
Of its miraculous, triple translation.
The altar with flowers and lights decorated,
The Bishop of Detroit there celebrated
Holy Mass; then gave us a fervent discourse,
Replete with instruction, beauty and force.
Father Joos, of Monroe, a learned, holy priest,
Said his Mass in Loretto; 'twas a joyful feast.
At night Father General benediction bestowed,
And a lecture, in which faith and piety glowed.
Five Masses—Benediction! Oh, what holy cheer;
We feel that indeed it is good to be here.
Our own saintly Bishop, so gentle and meek,
Called at St. Mary's, kindly to seek
Help for the orphans 'neath his fatherly care,
That they in the joys of Christmas may share.

At noon an illustrious visitor came,
One whose high titles adorn his fair name—
General Dodge, of Iowa, friendly and kind.
He gave us a treat from his well-informed mind,
In form of a "lecture," rich, racy and true,
On "Spain and the Spaniards," a pithy review
Of his travels abroad. Our thanks we return
To General Dodge, in whom we discern;
A courteous friend. Long life and good health,
We wish him, with stores of heavenly wealth.

Christmas is now the great topic and theme
Of social chit-chat. The Minims e'en dream

Of large Christmas trees, *bon bons* and mince pies.
The Juniors think time very tardily flies.
Santa Claus is now busy preparing his sleigh,
To revisit St. Mary's on next Christmas day.
In our next we will tell you, as well as we can,
The comical tricks of that droll little man.
In advance we now wish, with hearts warm and true,
A bright happy Christmas. Till then, French adieu.

P. S.—Friend SCHOLASTIC: A secret, we'll whisper
quite low,
(Now please do not tell anyone that you know):
Our first Seniors and graduates publish two papers,
The "Gazette" and the "Trumpet." Now all the
droll capers—
The fun and *bon mots*—that happens or passes,
Among these arch and brilliant lasses,
Are found in these papers. What a budget of fun!
But please keep this secret. Don't tell *any* one.

On the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, December 8th, the following little Misses were received as aspirants into the Society of the Holy Angels: Misses M. Cummings, E. Horgan, A. Rose, F. Prince, F. Lloyd, M. Sweeney, and K. Lloyd. The reception took place in the Church. They were received by Very Rev. Father General. Before the reception Father General spoke a few words, explaining the ceremony, and congratulating those who were to be received.

N. GROSS, Sec.

TABLES OF HONOR—SR. DEPT.

December 5.—Misses S. Rpiro, J. Leoni, S. Spillard; C. Creveling, N. Duggan, A. Mimick, H. Stephenson, E. Dickerhoff, F. Sammons, R. Snood, M. Ward.

December 12.—Misses R. Devoto, G. McMahon, E. Finley, M. Finley, L. Ogden, L. Duffield, R. Fox, L. Dooley, K. Powell, A. Mast.

HONORABLE MENTION—SR. DEPT.

Graduating Class—Misses H. Niel, A. Sturgis, A. Radin, M. Kirwan, H. Moriarty, K. Young, A. Locke, B. O'Neil, A. Millard, C. Foote, A. Rhinehart.

First Senior Class—Misses M. Toberty, M. Dillon, M. Shirland, M. Kellogg, E. Marshall, J. Hogue, A. Clarke, L. Parks, J. Forbes, A. Borup, G. Hurst, H. Finley, A. Cornish, K. Robinson, M. Shanks.

Second Senior Class—Misses K. Zell, M. Cochran, M. Bucklin, S. O'Brien, A. Casey, K. Brown, E. Finley, E. Ray, A. Shea, A. Todd.

Third Senior Class—Misses R. Fox, E. Shea, L. Dooley, K. Powell, L. Duffield, L. Ogden, S. Hoover, M. Finley, E. Hendricks, M. Getty, M. Kefh, A. Clarke, L. Niel, L. Jones.

First Preparatory Class—Misses M. Letourneau, E. McFarland, I. Wilder, R. Nelson, F. Sammons, R. Ritchie, M. Ford, B. Cable, E. Price, C. Woods, M. Wicker, K. Boyd, L. Clancy, M. Kreutzer, A. Robson.

Second preparatory Class—Misses R. Devoto, F. Murphy, Z. Ozbourn, E. Greenleaf, M. McIntyre, A. Lloyd, E. Boyland, M. Prince, A. Emmonds, I. Bounel, H. McMahon, L. Tinsley, M. Cummings, M. Hoover, S. Honeyman.

Third Preparatory Class—Misses S. Classen, A. Frazer, N. McMahon, M. Roberts, M. Sweeney.

FRENCH.

First Class—Misses M. Shirland, R. Spiers, M. Kirwan, K. Robinson, K. Young.

Second Class—Misses H. Tinsley, G. Hurst, A. Borup, M. Quan, N. Gross, A. Clarke.

GERMAN.

Third Class—Misses K. Powell, S. Hegue, N. Millard.

DRAWING.

First Class—Misses E. Kirwan, N. Millard, K. Robinson, E. Ray, M. Dillon, L. Marshall, A. Woods, M. Ward.

Second Class—Misses L. Hoyt, M. Bucklaw, A.

Clark, A. Radin, R. Spiers, M. Heth, M. Lange, L. Duffield, E. Wood, D. Green, M. Quan, F. Butters.
Water-Color Painting—Misses K. Young, M. Shanks, K. Robinson, K. Parks, A. Robson, E. Ray, M. Dillon, L. Marshall.
Oil Painting—Misses N. Millard, E. Kirwan, K. Robinson, M. Ward, A. Robson, E. Ray, A. Clark.
Crayoning—Misses E. Kirwan, M. Dillon.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

First Class—Misses C. Foote, J. Hynde, M. Shirland, K. Young.

Second Class—A. Borup, A. Carmody, K. Parks.
Second Division—M. Kellogg, A. Clarke, A. Cornish, G. Hurst.

Third Class—M. Ward, B. O'Neil, F. Bounel.
Fourth Class—C. Forbes, L. Ogden, K. Brown, S. Emmonds, L. Jones, M. Prince.

Fifth Class—J. Kearny, M. Kearny, E. Greenleaf, A. Mast, M. Lange, A. Shea.
Sixth Class—J. Millis, M. Gilty, Z. Ozbourn, M. Nash, M. Dillon, J. Leoni, R. Fox.

Seventh Class—L. Southerland, A. Frazer, N. Callahan, S. Cummings, S. Honeyman, K. Boyd, K. Haymond.

Eighth Class—F. Rush, L. Tinsley, L. Woods.
Ninth Class—A. Rose, M. Hildresto, L. Harrison, F. Butters, H. Horgan.

Harp—M. Shirland.
Guitar—M. Wise.

Harmony—M. Shirland, K. Young, K. Parks, A. Carmody, C. Foote.

Theoretical Classes—A. Rhinehart, M. Kirwan, A. Clarke, A. Todd, B. O'Neil, J. Horgan, A. Shea, A. Borup, H. Niel, A. Cornish, G. McDougall, A. Locke, A. Sturgis, J. Forbes, J. Tucker, D. Greene, M. Lange, L. Ogden, L. Marshall, L. Tinsley, E. Greenleaf, A. Frazer, L. Harrison, F. Prince.

TABLES OF HONOR—JR. DEPT.

December 1.—M. Kearny, N. Gross, M. Quan, F. Prince, J. Kearney, F. Rush, C. Stanifer, F. Lloyd, G. Darling, H. and M. Ely.

December 9.—L. Niel, L. Jones, A. Clarke, M. Kreutzer, L. Tinsley, M. Hoover, S. Honeyman, L. Wood, M. Hildreth, K. Lloyd.

HONORABLE MENTION—JR. DEPT.

Junior Preparatory Class—Misses A. Byrne and E. Horgan.

First Junior Class—Misses A. Rose, L. Wood, L. Harrison, F. Prince, M. Reynolds, H. Ely.

The election of officers in the Sodality of the Children of Mary, was held on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, 1870. The following was the result:

President—H. Moriarty.
Vice-President—E. Kirwan.
Secretary—K. Young.
Treasurer—M. Kirwan.
Sacristan—A. Locke.
Librarian—B. O'Neill.

On the same day were admitted as members: Misses L. Dooley and C. Woods; as aspirants: Misses M. Ford, M. Heth, S. Spillard, A. Casey, E. Dickerhoff, M. McIntyre, M. Prince, E. Shea, R. Spiers, J. and R. Leoni, J. Falvey, S. Elissen, A. Lloyd.

M. BAUER, of Paris, has taken a patent for the manufacture of steel printing types. The inventor says that, with a single machine and steam to the extent of one nominal horse-power, he can produce 35,000 types in twelve hours, and that while the faces are the most perfect and more durable, the types themselves are cheaper than those in general use.

They have a noiseless street pavement in London. A part of Holborn has been laid with a smooth, "patent asphalt," over which the wheels of cabs and wagons roll without clatter. The daily News demands that a fair trial should be given to this pavement, and indulges in dreams of the day when the traffic of London shall guide through the streets "as noiselessly as the gondolas of Venice."

L. S. & M. S. RAILWAY.

Winter Arrangement.

TRAINS now leave South Bend as follows:

GOING EAST.	
Leave South Bend 9 35 a. m.	Arrive at Buffalo 4 10 a. m.
" " 12 17 p. m.	" " 4 10 a. m.
" " 9 15 p. m.	" " 5 30 p. m.
" " 12 37 a. m.	" " 5 30 p. m.
Way Freight, 3 40 p. m.	" " 6 50 p. m.

GOING WEST.	
Leave South Bend 5 10 p. m.	Arrive at Chicago 8 20 p. m.
" " 3 05 a. m.	" " 6 50 a. m.
" " 5 07 a. m.	" " 8 20 a. m.
" " 6 30 p. m.	" " 10 10 p. m.
Way Freight, 9 35 a. m.	" " 9 50 p. m.

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HIRAM BROWN, Agent, South Bend.

CROSSING.

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Freight 4 05 p. m.
GOING SOUTH—Express passenger, 11 13 a. m., and 6 20 p. m.
Freight, 4 50 a. m.

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